Enter a Constable with Costard with a letter.

Constab. Which is the Dukes owne person?

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?

Const. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Farborough: But I would see his owne person in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

Const. Signeour *Arme Arme* commendes you: Ther's villanie abrod, this letter will tell you more.

Clowne. Sir the Contempls thereof are as touching me.

Fer. A letter from the magnifisent *Armado.* (words,

Bero. How low so euer the matter, I hope in God for high

Lon. A high hope for a low heauen. God grant vs patience

Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.

Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderatly, or to forbeare both.

Bero. Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to clime in the merrines.

Clow. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Iaquenetta:* The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bero. In what manner?

Clow. In manner and forme folowing sir all those three. I was seene with her in the Manner house, sitting with her vppon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put togeather, is in manner and forme following. Now sir for the manner, It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

Ber. For the following sir.

Clow. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Ferd. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Bero. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clow. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh

Ferd. *GReat Deputie the welkis Vizgerent, and sole dominatur of Nauar, my soules earthes God, and bodies fostring patrone:*

Cost. Not a worde of *Costart* yet.

Ferd. *So it is*

Cost.

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he but so.

Ferd. Peace.

Clow. Be to me, and euerie man that dare

Ferd. No wordes.

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech yo

Ferd. *So it is besedged with sable coloured commende the blacke oppressing humour to the m of thy health-geuing ayre: And as I am a Ge selfe to walke: the time When? about the sixt h most grase, Birdes best peck, and Men sit downe which is called Supper: So much for the time W ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it i Then for the place Where? where I meane, I du seene & most propostrous euent that draweth fro ebon coloured Incke, which here thou viewest, be seest. But to the place Where? It standeth Nor East from the West corner of thy curious kno did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base M (Clowne. Mee?) that vnlettered small knowing that shallow vassall (Clown. Still mee.) Wh hight Costard, (Clow. O mee) sorted and o thy established proclaymed Edict and continen with, ô with, but with this I passion to say wher*

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. *With a childe of our Grandmother Eu more swecte vnderstanding a Woman: him, I(duetie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to rece nishment by thy sweete Graces Officer Anthon goo reput, carriage bearing, and estimation.*

Antho. Me ant shall please you? I am

Ferd. *For* Iaquenetta *(so is the weaker ve apprehended vvith the aforesayd Sovvaine, I-k thy Lavves furie, and shall at the least of thy hir to tryall. Thine in all compliements of dett heate of duetie.*

Don Adriano d

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)